THE EMERALD

AND BALTIMORE LITERARY GAZETTE.

MILLE TRAHENS VARIOS ADVERSO SOLE COLORES.

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ORIGINAL.

Our correspondent grounds his answer to a remark of ours last week, on the presumption that Byron (or Hobhouse perhaps) copied the epitaph of *Julia Alpinula* correctly. It may be so, but we have never seen it written according to his reading, in any copy of the Childe Harold, and must still doubt whether it can be found in the best editions of that poem. We may be wrong in this, but it is of little consequence. We hope to hear again from J. O.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Mr. Editor,—The courtesy you extended to the English and Spanish translations of the epitaph of the Aventian priestess, induces me to return a reply to the polite criticism which precedes them. The point on which you have commented, was the only one that presented a difficulty. If a mistake has been committed in transcribing the Latin, the sin is not mine; it is my lord Byron's. I had not read Byron's story of Julia in Childe Harold, before making the translation; there was no reason for believing the Latin incorrect, and I should never have divined from the epitaph alone, that the heroine was a priestess of Aventicum. A subsequent examination of the stanzas, satisfies me that she was, as you have stated. Had I perused them before making the translation, I should have rendered, Deæ Aventinæ, *of the Goddess Aventina*, inferring that Diana was thus named in Aventicum, as well as on Mount Aventinus. For the gratification of your readers, I take leave to offer the stanzas for a place in the Emerald with this communication.

CANTO III.

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column wears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days,
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks, as with the wild bewildered gaze
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands
Making a marvel that it not decays
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject lands.

LXVI.

And *there*—Oh! sweet and sacred be the name!
Julia——the daughter, the devoted——gave
Her youth to heaven: her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and her's would crave
The life she lived in; but the judge was just,
And then she died on him, she could not save.
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within their urn one, mind, one heart, one dust.

Further reflection, however, will, I think, induce you to concur with me, that presuming the line Deæ Aventinæ Sacerdos, to be correctly quoted by Byron, and I perceive no reason to doubt it, the translation can be well sustained, and is faulty, only as it makes Julia a priestess of Aventine, instead of Aventicum,—a distinction not discernible in the epitaph, and affording latitude for a difference of opinion.

1st. Aventinæ may be regarded as an adjective, in the sing. gen. fem. agreeing with Deæ, from Aventinus —a—um: "of or belonging to Mount Aventine."* It would then be very properly construed, *of the Aventian Goddess*. Retaining the same idea, the noun may be substituted for the adjective, making it, *of the Goddess of Aventine*. Such a license is always allowable, and often makes a beautiful improvement.

2nd. Admitting the disputed word to be the *name* of the *Goddess* alluded to in the original, the translation is strictly correct in spirit, when connected with the explanation, that Diana was the Goddess of Aventine. For Aventina is but a surname Diana received, on account of the celebrity of the temple erected to her on the Aventine hill. "Aventina, quæ Aventiniensis, Diana, so called, because worshipped on Mount Aventine. Val. Max. 7 3. 1."† The translation might therefore have been, *of the Goddess Aventina*, or *of the Goddess Diana*. It was justifiable to term Diana, emphatically, the Goddess of Aventine, because although there were many temples on the hill, her's was the most celebrated of them all. It was built by Servius Tullius, at the expense, and for the *common use*, of the people of Latium and Sabina. There they annually assembled, and after sacrificing to the Goddess, any disputes that had arisen between the different cities were amicably adjusted.‡ A brazen pillar, too, was placed in the temple of Diana, on which was engraved the decrees of the general council, formed by Tullius, of the Latine cities.‖ Moreover, so celebrated was the Temple, and so popular the Goddess, that the mount itself was called Collis Dianæ, the hill of Diana.§ These circumstances shew how high a place she occupied in their affections, and with what propriety she might be designated, as if without a rival, the Goddess of Aventine.

Hence it will appear, that while "it is *probable* Diana had a temple in Aventicum, and was surnamed Aventia," it is *certain* she had one on Aventine, and was surnamed Aventina. I endeavoured to frame my translation from certain, rather than probable premises, and therefore made it as you have seen. I prefer the opinion that she received the latter surname in Aventicum, as well as on Aventinus. The editor and his correspondent may then agree, without accusing the poet of erroneous quotation, by changing the line to——

A priestess of the Goddess Aventina.

De may be omitted in the fifth line of the Spanish, and in the sixth line *qui* ought to be *que*. J. O.

* Ainsworth's Quarto Lex.
† Ibid.
‡ Lumisden's Antiquities of Rome, page 165.
‖ Spelman's Dionysius. Vol. 2. p. 199.
§ Kennett's Antiquities, p. 32. Rees' Cyclopedia, Art. Aventinus.

FOR THE EMERLAD.

PREMATURE GREATNESS,

Showing how people are sometimes deceived in themselves, and in others.

I have always been a rambler—from the time when the town-crier used so often to seek me out as a lost child, till the present moment, when I had much rather start off in search of new adventures, than stay at home to narrate old ones. My favourite way of travelling, is on the convenient old carriage with ten springs—or, as some say, on Shanks' mare—being the most independent mode of moving, and, at the same time, the least expensive. Besides, when unincumbered by trunks, ladies, bandboxes, and other baggage, one can lounge along, and mingle freely with all classes of people;—one may call for a glass of ale in a country tavern, and talk politics with the wise looking oracles of the village, living as freely as a wild bird. I have journied, in this way, over thousands of miles in our country; and if I have often failed to observe the characters and manners of people, it has not been the fault of inattention on my part, nor from a deficiency of curiosity. As I intend to write of manners and customs of different sections of our country, I shall, of course, avoid romance and high colouring, and attempt only to delineate them, as interwoven with my adventures. In the summer of the year 18—, about the middle of June, when nature is arrayed in her most beautiful garments, a friend of mine proposed to me, to make an excursion into the most northern part of New England, with a view to mingle pleasure with business, while we recruited our city-beaten spirits, among the breezes of the mountains. We were both young men, who knew enough law to appear of some consequence, or, at least, as far as among village practitioners—we were both of susceptible and enthusiastic temperaments, and, of course, very fond of love and the ladies—and we possessed also a congeniality of disposition, in most respects, which served to fit us for fellow travellers. Were I known to my readers, there would be no necessity for saying, that I jumped eagerly at the suggestion to travel for a few weeks, at a season of the year when streets are dry, and law still drier—when the music of birds, buried in foliage, melts on the heart, and changes our manhood into the gentleness of woman. My friend proposed, that, instead of walking, we should take the stage-coach, a means of travelling so bad, that it is only made tolerable by the individual characters, which it always presents to the study of an observer.

We were very fortunate, in pursuing our journey northward, to be favoured with fine weather. For several days the sky was clear, with just relief enough, from a few light clouds, to deepen its blue, that softened to the eye of the beholder. Were I to attempt a description of the ever changing scenery, which unfolded itself to our admiration, as we followed the Connecticut river in its majestic path, they who have beheld the luxuriant verdure that beautifies it, the forests that deepen to shadow it, and the everlasting mountains, that rise up with dignified grandeur, as it were, in wonder at its unequalled beauty, would readily perceive how inadequate were my pencil—But they who have never travelled where we now were, may, from the treasures of their imagination, finish, from a mere sketch, pictures of real sublimity. At one moment, we were winding our way through a country, where impenetrable forests of oak and chesnut, almost darkened the road, as they hung threateningly over us on both sides, where the sun's rays never fell, to light up and warm the dark and death-like solitude—where the hand of the rude tempest had tangled the largest trees, as it hurled them down

in fury—where nothing could be heard but our own carriage wheels, except the occasional scream of some large bird, that seemed expiring in the thicket—where danger often presented itself to our view, when descending a narrow, winding path, with deep ravines on either side, the voice of our driver softened, as with a skill unknown in other parts of the country, he guided his team of six spirited horses, without the aid of postillions, cautiously to the bottom of the hill. Again, after riding a few miles, the prospect would assume an entirely different appearance—the river, emerging from some doubling point, presented its broad line of silver, flowing on, with scarcely a wave to break its polished surface—its banks stretching out with large tracts of rich soil, of the highest cultivation—a little further, a larger swell of water opened to the eye, half girdled with high hills of deep green; and above the hills, rising higher and higher, successively, to the distance of thirty miles, the largest mountains were seen towering above others in broad ranges, growing bluer in proportion to their distance, till they were, at last, assimilated to clouds: and the whole scene appeared like a vast natural theatre. Such, for the most part, is the character of the scenery through which we passed, as, for several days, we leisurely journeyed by the river. The mind of any person, who is anxious to receive information in his travels, must ever be on the alert, while contemplating the astonishing variety, which marks the face of nature in these regions. The Beautiful grows more enchanting in the neighbourhood of the Sublime, as Infancy would, could we see it smiling in the presence of a giant—while the Sublime becomes more terrible, from the pleasing contrast presented.

We had now left the main road for a season, and as our intention was to visit a certain town, about twenty miles distant, we provided ourselves with a private carriage, large enough to accommodate another person, who was also desirous to deviate from the main path. We were to pass through a forest of several miles in extent, and as the evening closed upon us, and our driver was ignorant of the way, it was not long before we found ourselves bewildered. The moon had not yet risen, and if it had been, her light would have been of little use to us, so completely were we walled in by the forest; but trusting to her assistance in a short time, we bade the driver whip up at a venture; when, going at the rate of eight miles an hour, the horses suddenly stopped, as though they had been checked by an arm like that of Count Orloff, of Russian memory. Notwithstanding the lash, which the driver injudiciously applied, the horses would not start. On alighting from the carriage, what was our surprise to find, within six feet of our horses heads, the torrent of the Connecticut below, with not a timber to intercept our passage to certain death! The bridge had been swept away by a freshet, in the spring, and no safety fence had been erected, to save the traveller at night.

It is needless to say how grateful we felt for such a preservation.—Our fellow traveller was so overwhelmed with gratitude, that he fell on his knees and poured forth his thanks with tears. The consequence of this escape, was, that we were compelled to retrace our steps for a considerable distance, and procure information of some other rout, which being obtained, we were enabled to arrive at our place of destination at about midnight.

I shall here pass over several interesting adventures for the purpose of coming to the object of this article.

We were comfortably quartered in a good public house, and in a short time became acquainted with the *nobility* of the village: for every village in New England has a certain kind of aristocracy which leads the fashion and influences public opinion. The parson, the physician, and the lawyers are always included.

There was to be a grand celebration of American Independence, and preparation was made to cut out all the neighbouring towns by the splendour of the occasion; and the committee of arrangements very politely asked the *honour* of our company, which invitation we of course accepted, with no small self-importance and inward satisfaction. The day at last came, heralded by the roar of a six pounder, and sundry muskets, and a loaded anvil. A large hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens, and a table laid for several hundred persons, who were to march in procession to dinner. We were in the midst of mountains rising three or four thousand feet above us, and when the procession formed, consisting of about two hundred females, many of them very beautiful, and every one dressed in white, with garlands of flowers on their brows filing off singly, the picture was very imposing, but when the men formed also, and my friend and I were called among them, as "strangers of distinction," and we wound our way through a deep valley, marching to the notes of the Kent Bugle, that rung with more than a dozen echoes through the mountains, played by a man dressed in tartan plaid, my sensations were indeed indiscribable.

"These are noble people William," said I; "how disinterested they are in their attentions to us! Surely they have been slandered by persons who do not know them as we do."

"They are, indeed, a very *hospitable* people," was his reply.—"They consider us as strangers, too, of some note; and if at dinner they toast our state or city, Edward, one of us must make a speech on the occasion."

"Certainly, we both will—I suppose fifteen minutes will be long enough."

We had no more to say to each other for some time; I cannot tell what occupied his thoughts in the mean while, but I was *thinking of my speech*. I was just making a kind of peroration when we arrived at the dining hall, and the ladies parted from us.

The table was very sumptuously prepared, and in due season the songs and toasts went round. My friend being called on, gave a very beautiful and appropriate toast, in which he spoke of their *hospitality*, bowing almost to the table cloth.—I flourished something about patriotism and mountain breezes, but neither of us could get a reciprocation of compliments, except in applause. Our speeches, therefore, were *still born* in our hearts.

For the evening's entertainment we were formally invited to attend a ball—with much joy we accepted the invitation.

"Surely Edward," said my friend, "they are too kind; we do not deserve so much attention. How shall we repay them."

"Not with vain thanks, but by acceptance bounteous," I replied.

The evening passed away delightfully, every thing that could contribute to pleasure was had—and as the company began to drop away at a late hour, we could not help repeating to each other "how hospitable!"

While we were engaged in this way, pouring out our gratitude together, a person stepped up and very politely asked to speak with me; I withdraw a few paces, when he very civilly whispered—"Will you please, sir, settle your scot!"—"How much for both of us," I replied, aghast. "Twenty dollars, sir!"

When I informed my friend of this, his mortification and humility were no less than my own.

"I am thunderstruck" said William.

"Strangers of distinction!" I ejaculated.

"How hospitable!" returned my friend; and we were crest-fallen for a month.

JAQUES.

FOR THE EMERALD.

MR. EDITOR.—The *idea* of the following story was suggested by a short tale in the "Mirror of the Graces." If it please you, it is at your service. H.

THE KISS.

I HAD a friend once, Edward Morton: he was the handsomest and most accomplished young gentleman in ****, possessing a mind naturally brilliant and highly improved by education, and a person made perfect by nature. His disposition was mild and gentle, his manners polished and winning, which, together with a heart overflowing with benevolence, made him the idol of all who knew him. But with all these happy endowments, there was one trait in his character which made him unhappy and disgusted with himself—he was bashful in the extreme, and rather too modest for the fashionable walks of society. In company he would avoid the conversation of ladies for fear of appearing too forward; and if he did talk, his discourse was marked with solid understanding, studied good nature and masterly eloquence—but if in another part of the room there was an accidental burst of laughter, he would immediately imagine himself the subject, and retire precipitately from those who had given the most attentive ear to his conversation. Poor Edward! he undervalued his brilliant acquirements, and if any one hinted it to him, he thought himself the object of ridicule.

About two years after Edward's debut into society, he fell passionately in love with Ellen Bloomfield, a young lady of peerless beauty and splendid fortune, which qualities drew around her a multitude of suiters, each anxious of standing first in her estimation. She was a lively and amiable girl, and treated all with such an affability, such a winning politeness that they could not but love her, though they despaired of ever obtaining her hand. The high acquirements, the gentleness of temper, the handsome form and the high standing of Edward, made him a formidable rival among Ellen's train of lovers; and since the match met with the approbation of both families they busied themselves in bringing it about. Ellen's partiality for Edward could not be concealed from her friends; the delight with which she listened to him, her pensiveness when he was absent, and the fervour with which she breathed his name, pleased her parents and made them still more solicitous, that the matter should be brought to an undeastanding between the parties. But who could convince Edward that Ellen loved him? It was suggested, it was hinted, it was affirmed; but in vain he could not believe it: Ellen, in his opinion, was of an order of beings of too high a birth for him.

One day when he was on a visit to the family with other company, (for he would never venture there alone) while the young lady's father was descanting on some valuable old manuscripts he had in his library, and the company was absorbed in attention, the old gentleman proposed going to look at them, and the company one by one left the room, unobserved by the bashful lover, who was so wrapped up in converse with Ellen that he saw no being but her. His surprise can only be imagined when he looked around and saw himself alone with the beloved object of his affections. He half rose from his chair, pushed himself further from her; muttered some incoherent expressions, and blushing to the eyes, begged pardon a hundred times. The lively girl enjoyed his confusion, and entreating him not to be alarmed, exclaiming,

"I shall really begin to think I am a viper if you shun me thus. Father has only gone into the other room; and—and—I'm sure you don't so dislike my company as to leave me alone."

"Upon my word, Miss Ellen," stammered the confused lover, "I never was—that is, I never could be—I mean—

I wish the company had not left the room. But do excuse me, Miss, I—I—"

"Nay, nay, Mr. Morton, if you wish to leave me, go—I would not for the world detain you."

"I have offended you, Miss Ellen," rejoined he, somewhat ashamed of himself—"may I hope for your forgiveness?"

"Certainly," said she smiling, "when you have cause to ask it. See, here is a little painting I have executed expressly for you; it is a watch paper—will you keep it for my sake?"

With a trembling hand he took the little keep-sake, and looked at it for some time as if in want of words to express his gratitude. At length he exclaimed,

"Ah! Miss Ellen, this gift, small as it is, shall ever be dear to my heart. I may soon be far from you, and this memorial will remind me of the many blissful moments I have passed in your society. Excuse my boldness," continued he, drawing his chair a little nearer; "I have much to say, but cannot find words. May I hope that this painting (drawing his chair nearer) was given with your——" heart, he would have said, but his was in his throat, and the smiles and the blushes of the lovely girl so overcome him, that he could speak no more. It was enough—her eyes told what she felt, and on the return of the company to the room, Edward was a happy man.

The day was fixed by the parents of both parties, and preparations were made for the nuptials.

Edward's extreme modesty still annoyed him; he was a man of the most delicate sensibility; and when alone with Ellen, his language and conduct were of the most respectful cast. He felt that he loved her for herself alone; for the many virtues she possessed; for her sweet smile and beautiful form; he never approached her without timidity, and if perchance he touched her fair hand, the fervour that ran through his veins warned him not to assault the melliduous crimson of her lips.

One evening there was a party at his intended father-in-law's, and among the rest of the company were several of Ellen's discarded suitors, who still hovered around her. One of the pastimes of the evening was the play of "forfeits,"—much to the terror of my bashful friend. The greatest good nature and merriment were displayed until a young lady commanded Edward to redeem his pawn by kissing the cheek of his intended bride. He dared not refuse; he blushed, advanced, retreated, trembled, and then advanced again, and at last the mighty deed was done—not on the cheek, but gently and modestly upon her fair hands; even this shook his soul with such a tremor, that he barely had strength to return an idem and the redeemed pledge. It was quite different with his gay mistress; she smiled sweetly and the game proceeded.

One of the young men whom she had rejected, of a gay and foppish disposition, and most heartily despised by Edward for his cox-combry and effrontery, had to redeem his pawn by the same means, and on the same lips. This sentence was agony to Edward, and his heart swelled with indignation when he saw the gentlemen advance with the most consummate boldness and request to salute the lips of his Ellen. She ran, and the gentleman pursued from chair to chair, to the great sport of all present but Edward: at last the conflict finished, and Ellen yielded in the midst of a fit of laughter.

Edward turned away; he had the mortification to behold the lips he thought too, hallowed for even him to touch, rudely invaded, and kissed twice or thrice by one he inwardly despised. Could it be that his Ellen delighted in such treatment? The thought was agony to him; his colour changed several times, for he observed that all eyes but Ellen's were fixed upon him. Trembling he rose from his seat, bowed to the company and left the house. The kiss which had been printed on the lips of Ellen, though given and received in good nature, lost her a devoted lover—an excellent husband. *Edward never saw her again.* H.

FOR THE EMERALD.

SKETCHES.....NO. 4.

HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.

The orator has thundered from the rostrum; retraced, with glowing imagination the glorious march of Freedom, and awakened the patriotism of his auditors:—the poet has, "with thoughts that breath, and words that burn," recounted the splendid achievements of the champions of liberty in the days when the first lisp of infant Freedom appealed to their hearts:—the flag of our country has bowed to the bier of many a hoary veteran; the musketry has vollied over his grave, and the tributary tear has been shed on his coffin as the loose sod rumbled upon its lid, while every heart knew him but to love, and every tongue named him but to praise.

The deeds of the brave should be recorded on the hearts of their countrymen; from father to son they should be handed down, and even the boy that prattles on his parent's knee, should be taught to know the sweets of the liberty he enjoys, and reverence the names of those who purchased it with their dearest blood. But, what boots my eulogizing the deeds of the heroes of other times? Orators have spoken—poets have sung—and there is not a bare spot left in the sky of their fame, where I might place the smallest luminary which would add something to *their* greatness, and take nothing from *my own*.

"There is no man," said my young friend to me one day, "who loves and respects the veterans of the revolution more than I do. I saw one to-day, and I could have kissed the tears from his furrowed cheek when he related his sufferings and privations during the struggle of our country with tyranny and oppression. I could have worshipped each scar he shewed me." "Were there none in his back?" I asked. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed, while I laughed; "you may joke if it suits you, but the profound respect I bear for the patriotic fathers, forbids my joining with you."

I begged the enthusiast to gratify me with an account of the venerable warrior whose gray locks and furrowed brow had excited so much reverence in his bosom; for, though I am one of those who doubt the perfect truth of the many accounts a minor part of these hoary men give of themselves, yet I feel a reverence and awe when in the presence of one whose merits are known, and whose scarred front will attest "how he fought and how he bled."

"It is a pity," said my young friend, "that the government is not more liberal in its bounty towards those time-worn veterans. The beggarly pension now granted them, will barely serve to purchase the mouldy crumbs they feed upon. Many of them have the heavens for their canopy, and the damp earth for their pillow; and while their weary feet tread the soil won by their prowess, they look in vain for a home, for they are derided by the low, and spurned by the proud. Yesterday, as I sauntered along the road, I met an aged man, journeying with feeble step, and at times halting to rest upon his oaken staff and recover a little strength. I stopped to contemplate the mortal wreck, and caught a truant tear stealing involuntary from my eye, when I beheld his quivering lip and tattered robes. Some irresistable power drew me towards him, for (and I know not why) I thought the old fellow looked like a superhuman being, "whose days were dwindled to the shortest span," and whose hand it would have prided me to kiss. The blast of time had whitened his locks, the wrinkles of sorrow were on his brow, and his tottering frame seemed barely able to support its own weight. Yet there was a fire in his eye, and a dignity of expression in his countenance which proclaimed him at once the remnant of one whose deeds had been noble in days gone past, "when the young blood ran riot in the veins," and mighty achievements inflamed the soul of man. I approached with all that awe and veneration with which an insignificant mortal would come into the presence of a celestial being. "Son," said he, "perhaps you linger to mock my poverty and to laugh when you should commiserate. But know that this now trembling hand was one of the first that broke the galling shackles which bound your country, and planted the germ of the tree of Liberty, beneath the wide-spreading branches of which you now live."

"Father," I replied, "you accuse me wrongly: I approach you with more than respect. If you are in want, I hope your pride will not be insulted when I offer you the little I can afford." The old man accepted a few dollars with many thanks and more blessings, and my heart bounded with joy when I perceived that my charity lighted up a smile on his wringled features. He seated himself by the road side and recounted to me many interesting stories of the revolution:—how he fought and how he bled;—how he sacrificed all his property for the weal of his country;—how he suffered while imprisoned; and, finally, how his ungrateful country had even refused to grant him an humble pension to live upon! Tears streamed copiously from the old man's eyes, and, I believe, mine too were wet. I hope the few dollars I gave him, will, for the present relieve his wants."

I said nothing in reply to my warm-hearted friend's narrative, but walked silently musing by his side till we came to a muster-ground, where was kept a kind of store, containing a cask of whiskey, a keg of tobacco, and a few earthen jugs and pitchers. Around this magazine of filth a mob of fist-drinkers and slow workers had collected.—Impelled by curiosity we drew near, to see what was going on, and what was the surprise and mortification of my patriotic friend, when he beheld the very *hero* into whose bosom he had poured the balm of charity, lying on the ground "*as drunk as a fiddler!*"

"Let the old rascal lay there," said a man standing by, "he is one of the most noted tories as ever dodged a whig rifle. And there's not a worser liar, or a moughtier drunkard from the ridge to the sea-board. THE WANDERER.

FOR THE EMERALD.

SENSIBILITY.

"What an ugly man," exclaimed the gay and beautiful Maria, as a strange gentleman of rather a plain and homely appearance, was passing the portico of her father's mansion.

The stranger heard the too loudly uttered remark, and turning upon her for a moment a pair of large dark eyes, beaming with pity and forgiveness, went on his way.

Maria's heart smote her. She felt that she had rudely wounded the feelings of a fellow mortal, and one who seemed so very kind of heart. But it was beyond her power to recall the foolish and thoughtless expression, and now, even too late, to offer an apology—for the stranger was already out of sight.

Maria was a girl of a cheerful and lively disposition, yet endowed with a heart, feelingly alive to all the pains and mortifications of life. She could feel keenly and exquisitely too, for others as well as for herself; she was therefore, as equally careful in avoiding to wound the feelings of those around her, as in guarding her own. It may be then, readily imagined, that an occurrence of this kind would be the cause of much unhappiness to her, and deeply affect her sensitive heart.

A few days previous, Maria had given her promise to accompany some of her youthful friends to a ball, on the evening of that day; and, as she had much enjoyment in anticipation, she looked forward to its arrival with some degree of impatience. But her inclination to attend the ball was now gone—She was depressed in spirits—displeased with herself, and felt confident she would not be in a fit mood to enjoy the exhilirating pleasures of the ball room.

Yet it occurred to her, that she might meet there the stranger, whose feelings she imagined she had that day so rudely wounded, and if it should so happen, she would endeavour to get an introduction to him, and then have an opportunity of seeking his pardon and forgiveness. Somewhat consoled with the thought, she joined her companions and accompanied them to the ball.

The assembly was large and brilliant; the music delightful and enlivening. Maria's companions were gay and happy as their young and buoyant hearts could well be—they entered joyfully and spiritedly into the various dances, bounding and skipping as lightly, and as free from care as fawns in the mountain glades: but she herself could not participate in the pleasure and mirth of the company, for her heart was ill at ease. The stranger was not there:—Repeatedly did she pass from one end of the room to the other in quest of him, but he was no where to be seen. The disappointment of not meeting him increased her depression and despondency; and spiritless and sad, the noble minded, but too sensitive girl, left the room at an early hour to seek the solitude of her chamber, and there give way to the deep workings and gloomy fancies of a morbid sensibility, excited into action by the mere circumstance of her having thoughtlessly uttered a trifling expression, which she fancied had given pain to a fellow mortal. R.

SELECTED.

THE TEMPLE,

AND THE DARKNESS AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION.

Of all the labours of human wealth and power devoted to worship, the temple within whose courts I then stood was the most mighty. In my after years, the years of my unhappy wanderings, far from the graves of my kindred, I have seen all the most famous shrines of the great kingdoms of idolatry. Constrained by cruel circumstance, and the still sterner cruelty of man, I have stood before the altar of the Ephesian Diana, the masterpiece of Ionian splendour; I have strayed through the woods of Delphi, and been made a reluctant witness of the superb mysteries of that chief of the oracles of imposture.—Dragged in chains I have been forced to join the procession round the Minerva of the Acropolis, and almost forgot my chains in wonder at that monument of genius which ought to have been consecrated only to the true God by whom it was given. The temple of the Capitoline love, the Santa Sophia of the Rome of Constantine, the still more stupendous and costly fabric in which the third Rome still bows before the fishermen of Galilee; all have been known to my step, that knows all things but rest: but all were dreams and shadows to the grandeur, the dazzling beauty, the almost unearthly glory of that temple which once covered the "Mount of Vision" of the City of the Lord.

At the distance of almost two thousand years, I have its image on my mind's eye with living and painful fulness. I see the court of the Gentiles circling the whole; a fortress of the whitest marble, with its wall rising six hundred feet from the valley; its kingly entrance worthy of the Zione of Solomon; its innumerable and stately dwellings for the priests and officers of the temple, and above them, glittering like a succession of diadems, those alabaster porticoes and collonades in which the chiefs and sages of Jerusalem sat teaching the people, or walked, breathing the pure air, and gazing on the grandeur of a landscape which swept the whole amphitheatre of the mountains. I see, rising above the stupendous boundary, the court of the Jewish women separated by its porphyry pillars and richly sculptured wall; above this, the separated court of the men; still higher, the court of the priests: and highest, the crowning splendor of all, the central temple, the place of the Sanctuary and of the Holy of Holies, covered with plates of gold, its roof planted with lofty spearheads of gold, the most precious marbles and metals every where flushing back the day, till Mount Moriah stood forth to the eye of the stranger approaching Jerusalem, what it had so often described by its bards and people, a "mountain of snow studded with jewels."

The grandeur of the worship was worthy of this glory of architecture. Four and twenty thousand Levites ministered by turns—a thousand at a time. Four thousand more performed the lowest offices. Four thousand singers and minstrels, with the harp, the trumpet, and all the richest instruments of the land, whose native genius was music, and climate and landscape led men instinctively to delight in the charm of sound, chanted the inspired songs of our warrior king, and filled up the pauses of prayer with harmonies that transported the spirit beyond the cares and passions of a troubled world.

I was standing before the altar of burnt offering, with the Levite at my side holding the lamb; the cup was in my hand, and I was about to pour the wine on the victim, when I was startled by the sound of feet. Shortly after the veil of the porch was thrown back, and a figure rushed in; it was the high priest, but not in the robes of ceremony, which it was customary for him to wear in the seasons of the greatest festivals. He was covered in the common vesture of the priesthood, and was anxious to use it for total concealment. His face was buried in the fold of his cloak, and he walked with blind precipitation toward the subterranean passage which led from the sanctuary to his cloister. But he had scarcely reached it, when a new feeling stopped him, and he turned to the altar where I was standing in mute surprise. The cloak fell from his visage; it was pale as death; the habitual sternness of feature which rendered him a terror to the people, had collapsed into feebleness; while he gazed on the fire it accidently blazed up, and I thought I saw the glistening of a tear on a cheek that had never exhibited human emotion before. But no time was left for question, even if reverence had not restrained me. He suddenly grasped the beard of the lamb, as was customary for those who offered up an expiation for their own sin; his lip, ashy white quivered with broken prayer: then snatching the knife from the hand of the Levite, he plunged it into the animal's throat, and with his hands covered with blood, and with a groan that echoed despair, again rushed distracted away.

The victim still burned on the altar, and I was offering up the incense, when the increasing sound abroad told me that the deserted courts were filled once more. But the sounds grew with an extraordinary rapidity; they were soon all but tumultuous. The sanctuary in which I stood was almost wholly lighted by the lamps that burned round the walls, and the fitful blaze of the altar, whose fires were never suffered to be extinguished. But when, at length, unable to suppress my alarm at the growing uproar, I went to the porch, I left comparative day behind me, a gloom, sicklier than that of tempest and thicker than that of smoke overspread the sky. The sun, which I had seen like a fiery buckler overspreading the city, was utterly gone. While I looked, the darkness deepened, and the blackness of night, without a star, fell far and wide upon the horizon.

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Without impediment or error, I made my way over and among the crowds that strewed the court of the Gentiles. I heard many a prayer and many a groan; but I had no more to do with man; and I forced my way steadily to the great portal. Thus far, if I had been stricken with utter blindness, I could not have been less guided by the eye. But on passing into the streets of the lower city, a scattered torch, from time to time, struggling through the darkness, like a lamp in the sepulchre, gave me glimpses of the scene.

The broad avenues were encumbered with the living in the semblance of the dead. All was prostraction, or those attitudes into which men are thrown by terror beyond the strength and spirit of man to resist. The cloud that, from my melancholy bed above the valley of Hinnom, I had seen rolling up the hills, was this multitude. A spectacle whose name shall never pass my lips, had drawn them all by a cruel, a frantic curiosity out of Jerusalem, and left it in the solitude that had surprised me. Preternatural eclipse and horror fell on them, and their thousands madly rushed back to perish, if perish they must, within the walls of the City of Holiness. Still the multitude came pouring in: their distant trampling had the sound of a cataract; and their outcries of rage, and pain, and terror, were like what I have since heard, but more feebly, and sent up from the field of battle.

I struggled on, avoiding the living torrent, by the ear, and slowly treading my way wherever I heard the voices least numerous; but my task was one of extreme toil: and but for those more than all the treasures of the earth to me, whose life depended on my efforts, I should have willingly lain down, and suffered the multitude to trample me into the grave. How long I thus struggled, I know not. But a yell of peculiar and universal terror that burst round me, made me turn my reluctant eyes toward Jerusalem. The cause of this new alarm was seen at once. A large sphere of fire fiercely shot through the heavens, lighting its tract down the murky air, and casting a disastrous and pallid illumination on the myriads of gazers below. It stopped above the city, and exploded in thunder, flashing over the whole horizon, but covering the temple with a blaze which gave it the aspect of a huge mass of metal glowing in a furnace. Every outline of architecture, every pillar, every pinnacle, was seen with a livid and terrible distinctness. Again all vanished. I heard the hollow roar of an earthquake; the ground rose and heaved under our feet. I heard the crash of buildings, the fall of fragments of the hills, and louder than both, the groan of the multitude. I caught my wife and child closer to my bosom. In the next moment I felt the ground give way beneath me, a sulphureous vapour took away my breath, and I was caught up in a whirlwind of dust and ashes!

Salathiel.

AN ADVENTURE.

"What mighty contests rise from trivial things."

During the year 1822—, I set out in the steam-boat F— for Louisville; the boat, at that time, was considered the finest on the river; the number of passengers was great, and were, for the most part, acquaintances. There was one, however, who had the appearance of being a stranger, not only to the passengers, but also to the country; his questions concerning which and its inhabitants, were numerous; nearly all that were interrogated, took delight in answering his questions, and imparting to him such information respecting the country, as they had gained from from books or experience, and yet there were a few, (who

although addressed by him in a very polite manner,) would pay, or appear to pay, no regard to what he said. This singular conduct, proceeding from no apparent cause, was noticed by more than myself. This gentleman, for a gentleman he appeared to be in every particular, was addressed by the captain as Mr. Bertrand; he was intelligent, agreeable in conversation, and possessed of much politeness. We all anticipated a pleasant voyage; every moment some view was presented to the eye, capable of raising in the mind the liveliest and most sublime emotions. So much has been said already, respecting the scenery of the Mississippi, and its beauties, that for me to expatiate on the subject would be superfluous. Yet nothing could be more delightful! at one time, the river gliding on gently within its banks; the next moment, overflowing the country as far as the eye could extend, had, indeed, a pleasing effect! here often might be seen the smoke, gradually curling around the summit of the loftiest trees, indicating that a steam-boat was approaching, which, perhaps, at the bend of the river, would burst upon our view. We enjoyed ourselves exceedingly; for our feelings were in unison with the scenes around us; and something remarkable it is, that in so gay a company, during the thirteen days we were upon the waters of the Mississippi, a *card table* had not been spread. This trip, which was anticipated by all as a pleasant one, was, however, interrupted by an event of the most disagreeable nature.

On the fourteenth day of our passage, as we were about rising from dinner, some person observed that a steam boat was about passing us, having on board an unusual number of passengers. All of us, excited by curiosity, left with no accord our seats, and where hurrying out of the cabin, in order to have a view of the passing boat; nor was Mr. Bertrand's curiosity less excited than ours. In making his way out, he accidentally trod upon the foot of one of the gentlemen immediately behind him; turning directly round he begged his pardon, assuring him at the same time that it was altogether unintentional. The gentleman replied 'that he knew it was an accident.' Nothing more that day, was said concerning the transaction, nor did any one who was a witness of it, imagine, that any thing more, would be thought of concerning it. This, however, was not the case: for on the following morning, the gentlemen who met with the accident, was seen to call Mr. Bertrand aside, and address him in the following abrupt manner: 'Sir, during the past day, I have received from you an *insult*, and it is my desire that you give me some reparation.' Mr. Bertrand, at this speech expressed surprise, on account of not remembering at that moment, the trivial circumstance, that had occurred during the past day. Upon recollecting it he replied, 'that a circumstance of so trifling a nature, and an *accident*, thought he had made sufficient apology, but that if he was not satisfied, he was willing to make him further reparation in any manner he might desire.' 'Well sir, you must meet me at the steam boat's first landing, upon the shore from which we will not depart till one of us falls!' 'Sir' replied Mr. Bertrand, 'duelling is a practice which I am much averse to from principle, and therefore cannot meet you on these terms—'But' (interrupted the other) 'I have said that you would give me satisfaction in any manner that I might desire consequently, by the laws of honor your obligation is binding.' 'As I have heedlessly stated you that I would give you satisfaction in any manner you might desire, rather than be guilty of the stigma of cowardice, or aught that might have a tendency to place a stigma upon my character, which heretofore (thanks God) I have sustained unblemished, I will at the time specified, meet you: not with the intention of injuring you, unless you cause my blood to flow—but be assured if you spill one drop of my blood, if life enough is left in me to raise my weapon, you will certainly receive its contents; upon which they separated.

To be brief, it was not long before the steam boat stopped at a landing. The two gentlemen retired to a small grove whither they were followed by several others. The distance was measured, and the gentlemen took their assigned places. 'Now sir,' said Mr. Bertrand, 'when you are ready, fire—bearing in mind what I have already told you.' His adversary, after having taken deliberate aim, fired.—As yet, Mr. Bertrand remained untouched; 'are you now satisfied sir?' said Mr. Bertrand; 'if not, you are at liberty to try it again;' upon which, another pistol being handed him, he receive it, and as before, fired. The contents of his pistol, passed through Mr. Bertrand's left hand, it was loaded a third time, when, Mr. Bertrand raising his hand, thus addressed himself to the spectators, 'you see gentlemen, that I have done every thing in my power, to prevent this affair from terminating seriously, but to no effect,' and pointing his pistol he said to his antagonist: 'Sir, the last words which I addressed to you on board the boat, from which you came, (never to return) are about to be realized!' He fired——his adversary fell! words are inadequate to describe the ensuing scene; Mr. Bertrand was seen to shed tears; his adversary's body, (contrary to the entreaties of his friends, who were the instigators of this unfortunate affair) was interred in the spot upon which he fell.

The next morning we reached our destined port; never was any thing more desired by me. As a steam boat was about leaving the wharf for Cincinnatti, Mr. Bertrand had his trunk put on board, and continued his voyage; though I requested him to write, I have never heard from him since.

Boston Bower of Taste.

NO MAN IS BORN FOR HIMSELF.

AN EASTERN TALE.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the east for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obscure, as that of the spark, which by the collision of steel and adamant, is struck out of darkness; and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether, in his dealings with men, he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance to increase, Cazaran prized it more as he used it less; he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Cazaran was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object, not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turned round with a look of circumspective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, and was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude, soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry, and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which gave him audience.

To him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the most Merciful, be everlasting honour! He has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandise, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted up from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of paradise was now in sight, and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable sentence was past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor any thing added to the good. When I reflected my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of creation could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me, and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion, and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

"Carazan thy worship had not been accepted, because it was not prompted by love of God; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by love of man! for thy own sake only hast thou rendered every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude nor round thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast indeed, beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of heaven? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distill their dew? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe their fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thy heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself; therefore, henceforth, for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven! Solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair."

At this moment, I was driven by some secret and irresistible power, through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire—"O! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! There, society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire

could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside on a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life: the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time." While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, at every moment augmented my distance from the habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand had carried me beyond the reach of all but that power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour, and without society, further and further still, for ever and for ever. I then stretched out my hands towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awakened me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality, and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived: for the society of one wretch, whom, in the pride of prosperity, I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned have been more highly prized than the gold of Africa, or the gems of Golconda.

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, as I looked up in an ecstacy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the Caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of prosperity. *Comet.*

HOME.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

Oh, what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller. Does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved family? The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence: it cheers him under his difficulties; it makes him hail the hour which sees his purposes accomplished, and his face towards home; it communes as he journeys, and bears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also thy tabernacle shall be in peace; and thou shalt visit thy habitation, and not sin." Oh, the joyful re-union of a divided family; the pleasures of renewed interview, and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science. He drops the labour and painfulness of researches, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brows, leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush, that has a father's heart,
To take in childish play a childish part;
But bends his sturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? By-and-by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will be embosomed in the caresses of his family; he will behold the desire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the labourer. He has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, on the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him; one he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See, his toil-worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness; his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats, and is satisfied: the evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden; enters again, and retires to rest, and "the rest of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort! Peace be to this house."

"Let not ambition mock thy useful toil,
Thy homely joys and destiny obscure:
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

VARIETY.

BEETHOVEN'S ECCENTRICITY.

Beethoven's neglected person, wild appearance, strong and prominent features, rudely energetic eye, and broad bull like brow, overshadowed with his uncut, uncombed hair, together with his not over conciliatory disposition, bespeak a character somewhat consistent with the following specimen of his demeanour. Not long since, in a certain cellar in Vienna, where he was in the habit of spending his evenings, in a particular corner, by himself, drinking wine, eating red herrings, and reading the newspapers, a person took a seat near him, with whose countenance he was by no means pleased. After looking steadfastly at the stranger, he spat on the floor as if he had been a toad; then glanced at the newspaper, then again at the intruder, and spat again; his disordered hair gradually bustling into more shaggy ferocity, till he closed the alternations of spitting and staring, by suddenly rising from his chair, and loudly exclaiming as he rushed out of the room, "what a scoundrelly phiz!"

Busby's Anecdotes.

HAYDEN'S TURKISH SYMPHONY.

Hayden when in London, not a little piqued at the dull insensibility of some of his auditors, who during the execution of his finest symphonies, were sometimes observed napping, resolved to hint his displeasure through the medium of music itself. For this purpose he composed a piece under the title of a *Turkish Symphony*, which beginning in a soft, lulling style, soon set a portion of the company nodding, when a simultaneous burst of the cymbals, double-drum, trumpets and tambours, *broke their bonds of sleep asunder;* which object was no sooner effected, than sinking again into a tender murmur, the orchestra renewed its astounding *fortissimo*, and again *roused them like a peal of thunder.* These alternations of soothing softness and startling crashes were repeated, till the alarmed *dormeurs*, finding they could not close their eyes in security, determined to remain awake and listen to the music which they had affected to come to hear. [*ib.*

A HINT TO THE LADIES.

Judge Butler has decided on the authority of an old statute, that a man may beat his wife with a stick as large as his thumb. We are happy to inform those ladies who have *not* succeeded in appropriating to themselves a certain garment which is commonly regarded as the emblem and badge of conjugal authority, that the law affords them a refuge from the untimely and arbitrary exercise of that power. Looking over a volume of old statutes printed in 1595, we found the following: Art. 30th, "No man shall, *after the hour of nyne at night*, keepe any rule, whereby any such suddaine outcry be made in the still of the night, as making an affray, *beatying his wife*, and servant, &c. to the disturbance of his neighbors under payne of 8 shillings 4 pence, &c. one moiety of which, undoubtedly, goes to the informer." We therefore advise all afflicted ladies to complain to the proper authorities, when their husbands come home at night and use their prerogative. One and eight pence, (we'll suppose) two or three times a week, will, as my old friend Capt. D. says, "consolidate to something" in the course of a year—but a word to the wise, &c. *Providence Journal.*

An Irishman, having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding his purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it and ran away. 'Now, my dear joy,' said the Irishman, 'what a fool you make of yourself! What use will it be to you, as you don't know how it is to be dressed?'

A facetious canon of Windsor, taking, his evening walk as usual into the town, met one of the vicars at the castle gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous port. 'So' says the canon, 'from whence come you?' 'I don't know, Mr. Canon,' replies the vicar; 'I have been *spinning* out this afternoon with a few friends.' 'Ay, and now,' says the canon, 'you are *reeling* it home.'

THE EMERALD.

BALTIMORE....SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1828.

To Correspondents.—The author of "Tales of our own State," is requested to send us the conclusion of No. 2.—We shall in future publish no article to be concluded—unless we receive the whole; or at least the name of the writer. The author of "The White Cottage," should have sent the continuation or conclusion of his article last week; the inconvenience from default must be apparent.

Boston Traveller.—The following article appeared in the last number of this interesting and valuable paper. "The Baltimore Emerald related a doleful story, not long since, about some heartless editor who had purloined upon its colums; and the last number contains an article for a contemporary print, in consequence of its neglect to give the usual credit. The readers of the Emerald may like to know where it obtained the article on "My Old Hat," in the last number; and we hope the editor will inform them. Should he fail to recollect, one of our Cambridge correspondents may be able to enlighten him. The editor of the New-York City Gazette would also receive the thanks of at least one of his readers, by giving him some information relative to the source of the same article." Now we are certain that the above, though editorial, was never written or suggested by Mr. Porter, the gentlemanly editor of the Traveller. We presume that Mr. Porter is absent, among the alumni of the college where he graduated, and that some would-be writer has contrived to wedge himself in his chair in the meantime. The person who used to supply Mr. Porter's place in his absence was a gentleman—the present incumbent may be one too, but this we deny and join issue. In the last place he is mistaken about the article alluded to in the Emerald, for instead of the "doleful story" he would make us tell, nothing could have been written in better nature than the remarks alluded to; and as for the "Emerald" referred to, they never would have been made, had not the Philadelphia Album manifested a *desire* to appropriate the article from our colums, by *changing the title of it* to suit its meridian, as may be seen by examining our several papers. It was published in the Emerald by permission, and we selected it from a large manuscript po[illegible]

our hands. A Lady of Baltimore was entitled to the credit of it which we were determined she should receive. As for pirating the writings of others, for those of our own correspondents, which is intimated above, we deny it to have been true in any one instance since the publication of our paper. The first head of the Emerald is "ORIGINAL," under which we have, to the best of our knowledge, original matter. The next head is "SELECTED," printed in full brevier capitals of the latest pattern, presenting as bold a face as our writer's of the Traveller, under which head, instead of over it, he will find, "My Old Hat" which we would willingly cast off for a better. It is moreover invariably our custom to credit every selected article where it is possible to do so. The paper from which this was taken, we forget which of our daily cartload, gave no credit. How could we then give credit, except by acknowledging it, not our own?

DRAMATIC.—The Theatre opened on Monday evening last, under the management of MR. WARREN. Since the last season, the interior of the house has been much improved and beautified, evincing good taste in the designer, and a determination on the part of the manager, to contribute every thing for the public gratification. The present company is far superior to that of the last season; it is said even to surpass any, which has hitherto been engaged in Baltimore. The talents of Mr. SOUTHWELL and Mr. ROWBOTHAM, for tragedy, have been displayed to great advantage in *Romeo* and *Biron*, and Mr. WEMYSS has discovered uncommon abilities, in his excellent performance of *Mercutio*. There are several other gentlemen of great merit in the company, not to mention the JEFFERSONS, whom we shall take occasion to notice individually, when we are better able to speak of them as they deserve. The ladies of the company are well chosen, several of whom possess fine talents. We are not able to speak of the performances of Monday, not having been present. On Tuesday, Miss RIVERS made her first appearance in this city, as *Juliet*, and was ably supported by Mr. SOUTHWELL, whose *Romeo* was very respectable. Miss RIVERS' *Juliet*, on the whole, was a good performance, possessing many capital points. Miss RIVERS is by the Baltimore critics a as *Star*—but they must recollect that she is quite young, and that her light has just dazzled us, and cannot, at once, unfold the plenitude of its strength. She unquestionably possesses first rate talents, which will gradually develop themselves—but only in the sunshine of favour. Miss RIVERS played *Juliet* very well, notwithstanding the ardour-ness of the character. She went through the balcony scene admirably—though the scenery was very badly contrived, and tended to throw an awkwardness over the whole, very difficult for any actress to surmount. If Miss R. would be less hurried in the reading of impetuous passages, she would please better, and do herself greater justice;—her faults are few, and may be easily corrected. In tragedy, she wants *excess*, if we may use the expression;—there is hardly that firedness of passion, which, while it lasts, shuts all other objects from the mind of the actor. But we write this, not to a want of study, or a deficiency in conceiving characters, but to a want of *practice*, sufficient to wear off that *consciousness*, which hangs upon every performer not thoroughly accustomed to listening multitudes. On Thursday evening, her *Juliana* gave general satisfaction—she made several new points, with great effect—for instance, in the cottage scene of the Duke—when in the fit of her anger and discontent, she retires to dress for a rustic dance, the recollection of her husband's praises flows upon her heart with gratitude, and she returns hurry to embrace him—It was, indeed, very happily conceived.

Of MRS. SLOMAN, whom we only saw in the character of *Isabella*, we can truly say that she disappointed us from the beginning to the end of her performance. We had been led to think very flatteringly of her as a tragedian, and were therefore half inclined at first to set her down as not remarkable. But she gained gradually on our admiration, with an effect like that of Rossini's overtures, stealing upon you slowly, till at length you are overwhelmed by the *crescendo*. MRS. SLOMAN, in many respects, reminds us of MRS. DUFF, but she wants the matchless voice of that lady, though she surpasses her in some respects. We have never seen MRS. DUFF equal MRS. SLOMAN in the last scene of *Isabella*.

MR. SLOMAN has ingratiated himself lastingly with the Baltimoreans; his humour is altogether original and effective. He injures the impression, however, which he makes, by giving way too readily to the *encore*—no comic song, even when you ring changes on it, will bear singing three times successively. The greatest proof of MR. SLOMAN's comic power, is, that he requires no external assistance of dress to create laughter, which every other actor in his line is accustomed to employ. MAD'SELLE CELESTE, and MAD'SELLE CONSTANCE have continued to delight, every other evening.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the theatre has been well attended. We hope the present opportunity will not be lost of bringing out the "*School for Scandal*." A very good cast might be made.

"Welcome good friend, to me yet dear,
Pray what the devil brought you here?"

PAUL PRY has 'just dropt in'—and we welcome him with pleasure. It is published in Boston, and edited by Mr. George W. Glascott.—It may not be amiss to state that the "Literary Emporium" is at this present period *encumbered* with twenty three papers, yet friend *Paul* 'drops in,' boldly presents his comic phiz to the public, and asks a share of patronage!—Good luck to him, may he continue *prying* to some purpose.

THE Tremont Theatre, (Boston.) has opened for the season under the management of our favourite MR. BOOTH. The company is strong and efficient, being composed of thirty gentlemen, and twenty two ladies; among whom are Messrs Archer, Cowell, Forrest, Hamblin, Smith, Hallam; and Mesdames Duff, Cowell, Kinlock, and Roper, with Misses George, Rock, Placide, Lane and Riddle.

MUSIC.—We listened last week to the most delicious treat of music that we ever heard, by Mr. *Smith* on his celebrated HARMONICON, in which bowls of glass are substituted for strings. It is common with all works of genius to create surprise that the discovery had not been made before, and we are often led to imagine that we ourselves had some previous knowledge of the same invention. This will always be the case when nature is brought out to our complete understanding, and we become satisfied of any natural truth. It is thus with the Harmonicon; but Mr. Smith deserves all the credit of its invention. Its tones are like those of the violin, but more full and rich, and altogether free from the screeching of that instrument which sometimes salutes the ear. The most rapid performances may be made on it, and its construction is so simple that any one who understands the piano forte may learn the Harmonicon in two or three hours. Mr. Smith has constructed another instrument to be used in churches instead of the organ, called the *Celestina*, which is preferred to the organ. We extract the following from the *Argus* of Saturday June 21st, 1828, as a more full and and satisfactory description of the Harmonicon, and valuable recommendation of the *Celestina*:—

On last Sabbath the choir of the Unitarian church in this place, was led by the Celestina, an instrument, in its present improved state, the invention of Mr. Francis H. Smith, of Baltimore. Its rich and full tones mingling with the voices of the singer, afforded the highest satisfaction to the amateurs of "sweet sounds." Our best musicians think it better calculated for small churches, than the organ. Its price, its power, the solemnity of its tones when formed on a large scale, make it every way suitable for a country congregation. For a more full description of the Harmonicon, we refer the reader to the following article from the National Gazette.

THE HARMONICON.—Some of the social circles of this city have been regaled within the few days past, by a musical instrument new in its present form and most admirable in its effect: we mean the *Grand Harmonicon* or Musical Glasses, of Mr. F. H. Smith. Two or three years ago, it was celebrated in some of the newspapers of Richmond, Washington and Baltimore, in terms which then inspired us with a lively desire to hear what had kindled so much enthusiasm among the amateurs of those cities. We have had this gratification; and certainly, have not been disappointed in the degree of enjoyment.

In Rees' Encyclopædia, title *Armonica*, the subject of Musical Glasses is treated at some length, and the credit of the invention assigned to Mr. Poderick of Ireland. In this country, it is generally conceded to Dr. Franklin, but there is evidence, extremely plausible, if not conclusive, that it is really due to the celebrated Judge Francis Hopkinson, grandfather of Mr. Smith, who has brought the instrument to its curious state of perfection, and with whose performance on it we have been so much delighted.

At this day, we cannot ascertain whether the idea of producing music from glass originated with Judge Hopkinson or Mr. Poderick. The instrument which was used by the latter is not described. That of the former is so, and fully, in Dr. Franklin's works, who played upon it himself in the hearing of two eminent gentlemen happily yet alive in our community. Mr. Smith had not seen an instrument of the kind, when he undertook to construct one for his own amusement; and it is remarkable that, in conceiving the same idea as his grand father, without knowing of his attempts, he was still happier in devising the mode of its execution. The original musical glasses were fixed upon an axis made to revolve by means of a treadle worked by the foot, while the fingers were presented to the sides of the glasses as they revolved. This instrument must have been very limited in its powers and confined to one key. Mr. Smith's *Grand Harmonicon* is quite different and greatly superior. It is completely scientific and comprehensive; it may be played in *any key* and every key with equal facility; and is so simple that a few lessons will enable any one who reads music, to perform in a pleasing manner. Proficiency is acquired by a practice of some weeks In this respect, as well as others, Mr Cartwright's glasses bear no comparison with the present.

We need not say more of the form and appearance of Mr. Smith's instrument, than that is both commodious and ornamental. His object in visiting Philadelphia is to make it generally known, and to introduce it as a source of refined amusement and a fashionable appendage to parlor furniture. Its price is from fifty to seventy dollars, according to the quality and workmanship of the mahogany frame in which the twenty-five glass goblets are arranged. We learn that it has already been sent, by order, to number of persons in different parts of the United States. The inventor—for such Mr. Smith deservees to be considered—will, we trust, gain the repute to which he is entitled, and find success of every other nature.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE DOOM OF GENIUS.

A SKETCH.

Youth's glow was on his cheek; the majesty
Of Genius sat upon his brow; his lip
Curl'd gracefully with smiles, as o'er the calm
And sunny sea of life he glanc'd. No pang
Of unrequited love or friend-hip false
Had ever chill'd his heart—he pluck'd the roses
From Pleasure's gay partierre, and strew'd them on
His couch, nor dreamt to feel the thorns so soon.
From the gay margin of that fabled stream,
Where the nine hallow'd love to sport, he cull'd
The fairest flowers, and round his youthful brow
Twined a bright wreath; and joy was ever his,
When o'er the strings of his delighted lyre
His fingers swept—Beauty, with greedy ear,
Caught every strain—for strains like his were made
To wrap the soul in spells. The dark pow'r came.
And he held sad communion with the stars.
I saw the one he lov'd;—she had a face
Of angel mould; music breath'd from her lips,
Her full dark eye pour'd out the tide of soul,
And seem'd the beacon-light of Love. She smiled,
And at her feet the proudest knelt, and prayed
To revel in the sunshine of her love.——
Not so the youthful bard—alone he sought
The deep-wood glen, and with the elfin train
That court the moonlight wave, held converse mute.
He struck his lyre in solitude;—then came
A dark brow'd spirit, and amidst its strings
Wreath'd wither'd roses—and it would not yield
Its wonted notes of joy—Sorrow had bathed
It o'er with tears,—the melancholy winds
Soar'd o'er its bosom—sigh'd, and wander'd on.
The canker-worm fed on his heart; two years
Of fruitless love were his; he pin'd and pin'd,
And still he dared not tell the pang he felt,
For it was deep, and nought but his sad harp
Could speak its poignancy. Delirium came,
And melody was lost—The sickly hue
Of sorrow linger'd on his countenance,
And slow consumption wasted him away,
Until he sank beneath the hand of death. H.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TO BRENDA.

Farewell!—perhaps a long, a last farewell!
'Tis breathed as if the soul were parting too;
One single struggle more—tho' heart—tho' lips repel;
Yet ruling Fate decrees a sad adieu.
Swift be the winds that waft it to thine ears,
Lest it should die before 'tis heard or felt;
For parting words, that make their way thro' tears,
Half formed, half breathed, in gentle tremor melt.

Oh, that my tears could cleanse the blotted leaf,
In the mysterious book of Destiny;
For there's recorded many a day of grief,
And ruin'd hopes yet to be mourned by me.
Friendship's a dream, formed, felt—but, ah, too soon
Forgotten, when cold penury comes on;
I ask no *friends*, they're like the waves at noon,
'Neath Fortune's sun they glow, at night they're gone.

Farewell!—if souls that feel alike, that seem
To blend together, own one heavenly light;
Oft from my pen that mental fire shall stream,
So lov'd by thee: and Fancy's boundless flight
Shall be to days that now are pass'd for aye.
And hopes, too deeply grafted in the heart
To be pluck'd out with ease.—Let life decay,
Yet, still thou'lt be *esteem'd*, as now thou art.

LEANDER.

NIAGARA.

From the Spanish of Jose Maria Heredia.

My lyre! give me my lyre! my bosom feels
The glow of inspiration. Oh how long
Have I been left in darkness since this light
Last visited my brow. Niagara!
Thou with thy rushing waters doth restore
The heavenly gifts that sorrow took away.

Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
I am not all unworthy of thy sight,
For from my very boyhood have I loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To look on nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt
I have been touched with joy; and when the sea,
Lashed by the wind, hath rocked my bark and shewn
Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy current then
Shoots onward like the irresistless course
Of destiny. Ah, terribly they rage—
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, and I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
Vainly would follow as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent—waves innumerable
Meet there and madden—waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach—they leap the barrier—the abyss
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and thick woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapour the descending sheets—
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter near
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

The Lord hath opened his omnipotent hand,
Covered thy face with clouds, and given his voice
To thy down-rushing waters; he hath girt
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
I see thy never-resting waters run,
And I bethink me how the tide of time
Sweeps to eternity. So passeth man—
Pass, like a noon-day dream—the blossoming days
And he awakes to sorrow. I, alas!
Feel that my youth is withered, and my brow
Ploughed early with the lines of grief and care.

Never have I so deeply felt as now
The hopeless solitude, the abandonment,
The anguish of a loveless life. Alas!
How can the impassioned, the unfrozen heart
Be happy without love. I would that one
Beautiful,—worthy to be loved and joined
In love with me,—now shared my lonely walk
On this tremendous brink. 'Twere sweet to see
Her dear face touched with paleness, and become
More beautiful from fear, and overspread
With a faint smile while clinging to my side!
Dreams—dreams! I am an exile, and for me
There is no country and there is no love.

Hear, dread Niagara, my latest voice!
Yet a few years and the cold earth shall close
Over the bones of him who sings thee now
Thus feelingly. Would that this, humble verse,
Might be like thee, immortal. I meanwhile,
Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
Might raise my radiant forehead in the clouds
To listen to the echoes of my fame.

STANZAS.

BY R. H. WILDE, ESQ.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scatter'd on the ground to die:
Yet on that rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dews of Night are shed—
As if she wept such waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away!
Yet o'er that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade—
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breath a sigh for me.

My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand:
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, alas! shall mourn for me.

IMPROMPTU.

On hearing Miss Stephens sing Handel's divine song of "Angel's ever bright and fair."

Whilst you invoke the angel's care,
In notes so soft, so sweet, so rare,
We tremble lest you should be heard,
And they should take you at your word,
In heaven the angels are not few;
But earth has only one like you.

TIME KILLED IN HIS TURN.

"Curse on this fiddling," cried old Dad,
To Ned his over tuneful lad;
"You *lose your time*, you idle lout."
"No, sir, my time I keep throughout."
"Psha! you keep time! *kill* time, you mean,"
Mutter'd the father, full of spleen.
"*Kill* him?—well, sure, sir, I'm no zany,
For killing him who's kill'd so many."

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